





Buckstone (J.B.)

JOSEPHINE,  
THE  
CHILD OF THE REGIMENT,  
OR THE  
FORTUNE OF WAR,

A Musical Comedy,

IN TWO ACTS

BY

JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE,

AUTHOR OF THE

"The Rough Diamond," "Good for Nothing," "Dead Shot,"  
"Dream at Sea," "Green Bushes," "Flowers of  
the Forest," "King of the Alps," "Kiss  
in the Dark," "Christening,"  
"Maid with the Milking  
Maid," &c. &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,  
LONDON.

*First Performed at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.*

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## Characters.

DUKE ARCHAMBANT DE GRANDTETE	.	Mr. CLARKE.
SERGEANT ANNIBAL SCALADE	.	Mr. J. I. BLAND.
PUMPERNICKEL ( <i>Steward of the Marchioness</i> )	Mr. TILBURY.	
GUILLOT ( <i>a Peasant</i> )	.	Mr. BUCKSTONE.
NOTARY	.	Mr. J. F. MATTHEWS.
BERNARD	} . ( <i>Soldiers</i> ) . }	Mr. CAULFIELD.
PIERRE		Mr. GALLOT.
ETIENNE		Mr. CARLE.
CISAR		Mr. ENNIS.
RATAPLAN ( <i>a Drummer</i> )	.	Mr. J. IRELAND.
STEPHEN ( <i>a Tyrolese Peasant</i> )	.	Mr. WORRELL.

SOLDIERS, AND MALE AND FEMALE PEASANTS.

DUCHESS DE GRANDTETE	.	Mrs. STANLEY.
MARCHIONESS DE BERKENFELDT	.	Mrs. W. CLIFFORD.
JOSEPHINE ( <i>the Child of the Regiment</i> )	.	Mrs. FITZWILLIAM.

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## COSTUMES.

DUKE.—Blue coat, white waistcoat, black satin breeches and black silk stockings, powder, blue riband.

SCALADE and SOLDIERS.—Blue coats with red facings, white breeches and long gaiters, cocked hats, cross belts, swords, muskets, &c.

PUMPERNICKLE.—Brown body coat, white waistcoat, breeches, white stockings and shoes, three cornered hat.

PEASANTS.—Jackets of various colours, red waistcoats, breeches, leather gaiters, round hats.

NOTARY.—Black suit.

DUCHESS.—Rich velvet robe, turban and feathers.

MARCHIONESS.—Black velvet pelisse, hat and black feathers—*2nd dress*, colored satin, feathers, jewels, &c.

JOSEPHINE.—Blue short tail coat with red facings, red short petticoat, leather ankle boots, round hat and riband—*2nd dress*, white satin.

# THE CHILD OF THE REGIMENT.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Tyrolean Landscape—Cottage, L.H.—Mountains at the back—*TYROLEAN PEASANTS, *Male and Female, on the Mountains, and looking out—The MARCHIONESS BERKENFELDT is seated on green seat in front of the Cottage—PUMPERNICKEL attending her with Eau de Cologne and Salts.*

*A march is heard as the Curtain rises—dying away in the distance.*

PUMP. (L.C.) Listen my lady—listen—the enemy is leaving the mountains, and there is nothing more to fear.

MARCH. (L.) Are you certain?

STEPHEN. (*a peasant, advances, c.*) The main body of the troops are now fairly in the valley, and in half an hour you can continue your journey to your chateau in safety. (*retires*)

MARCH. May they not return? The very thought of meeting them fills me with alarm.

[*The PEASANTS gradually exeunt, U.E.R. and L.*

MARCH. (*continuing*) They would neither respect my rank nor my sex. My very dear friends—(*to the last of the PEASANTS*)—Pray do not leave me, their departure may be but a military manœuvre.

STEPHEN *and two or three PEASANTS remain.*

PUMP. True, my lady—for in the time of war one cannot trust to reports or bulletins, or anything. We were assured, at Inspruck, that the road through the mountains to your chateau at Berkenfeldt, was entirely clear of soldiers, and on venturing to proceed there, we found our-

selves in the front of one of the most terrible of the French regiments. Oh! (*shuddering*)

MARCH. Well, Pumpernickel, you must not tremble. I think our danger is now over.

PUMP. If I *did* tremble, my lady, it was only on your account, you have already suffered so much through the horrors of war, that I dread your being again exposed to such frightful scenes, and though I am with you to protect you and fight for you, yet, what could I and your valet and your postilions do against a troop of infantry?

MARCH. (*rises*) Come, my friends, some of you must attend me in this cottage, and assist me in preparing to proceed on my journey. (*starts*) What's that? (*looking U.E.R.H.*)

PUMP. (*alarmed*) What, my lady?

MARCH. I thought I saw the head of a soldier!

PUMP. With a-a-body to it?

MARCH. My salts! i

PUMP. (*presenting the phial*) Y-yes m-my lady,

STEPH. 'Tis only a straggler or two my lady; they will do you no harm now. Step into the cottage, they have orders to respect our dwellings, and you will be perfectly safe.

MARCH. Are my postilions still careful of my carriage?

PUMP. Yes, my lady; and your valet is keeping guard over its contents.

MARCH. If all remains quiet, I hope by noon, to be enabled to continue my journey. Come, my friends—Pumpernickel, remain here for a few moments.

*The MARCHIONESS, attended by one male and two female PEASANTS, goes into the Cottage, L.H.*

PUMP. (*alone*) Here's a situation for a nervous, peaceably disposed steward! But all is safe—there can be no danger now. France and Bavaria are united, and the Tyrolese are at liberty to adopt either as their country, therefore we are certain of a calm for a time—not that *I* am afraid! No, no, my only fears are for the safety of the Marchioness; as for myself, if a whole phalanx of grenadiers was to halt before me at this moment——

SCALADE *appears behind a set piece, U.E.R.H.*

—I should stand unmoved ; I should regard them with an air of dignity, and exclaim in a voice of thunder —

SERGEANT SCALADE *has strolled leisurely down, and touches PUMPERNICKEL on the shoulder.*

PUMP. (*in great alarm*) W—who—who are you? (*about to run off*)

SCAL. Halt ! What are you doing here ?

PUMP. Merely admiring the prospect.

SCAL. What do you tremble at ?

PUMP. The mountain air is chilly. Don't *you* feel it ?

SCAL. The air chilly ! Sacrebleu !—it's quite hot.

PUMP. Well, it *is* warmer than it was, and I perspire from head to foot.

SCAL. Ha, ha ! what fools one meets with in this country.

PUMP. Excuse me, I am but travelling with my mistress, who is anxious to proceed to her chateau—that is if *you* will permit her.

SCAL. How old is she ?

PUMP. I should say on the north side of fifty ?

SCAL. Permission is granted.

PUMP. Without molestation ?—without insult ?

SCAL. What do you call insult ?

PUMP. Rudeness.

SCAL. I don't understand you.

PUMP. Familiarity, or——

PUMP. Bah ! She's perfectly safe—the soldiers o the French army respect their grandmothers.

PUMP. Thank ye, Captain.

SCAL. Sergeant. And tell your trembling peasantry, who have barricaded themselves in their houses, or may be, are in ambuscade in the woods, that they may now show their sheepish faces in safety, for peace is about to be proclaimed.

PUMP. Yes, Captain.

SCAL. Sergeant ! And if they object to become Bavarians, let them be Frenchmen ; such is the Imperial command. I have not read it myself, for one very good reason.



PUMP. A thousand thanks, Captain.

SCAL. Sergeant! Call me out of my rank again, and by the Emperor's little cocked hat, I'll——

PUMP. Say no more, Sergeant—the first man I ever met with who objected to flattery. I'll tell my lady to keep quiet, 'till this ferocious Sergeant has followed his regiment.

SCALADE *goes up* C.—PUMPERNICKEL *goes into Cottage, L.H., and closes the door.*

SCAL. Stupid old fellow! But what brains can one expect to find in any one who never handled a musket——

JOSEPHINE *sings without, R.H. 2 E.*—" *Salut a la France.*"

JOSEPH. Ah! that is our Josephine's voice—our child—our pet—the pride and the glory of the 21st.

*Enter JOSEPHINE, R.H.*

JOSEPH. Ah, my father! I thought I caught a glimpse of your familiar moustache, as I halted to get some water from the spring below. Pierre Gaulard, my youngest father, was fainting with thirst: poor fellow, he hasn't long joined the 21st, and a hard day's march had fatigued him; but a glass of eau de vie from my canteen here, mixed with a cup of water from the mountain spring, soon made him rally. "Heads up, Pierre," says I—"Yes, my child," says he. "Left foot, forward," says I—"Yes, my child," says he. "March!" says I, and off we went again as stoutly and as bravely as the oldest grenadier of the line. (*crosses to L.*)

SCAL. What father wouldn't be proud of such a daughter?

JOSEPH. And what daughter wouldn't be proud of the eight hundred fathers that I have?

SCAL. Fine fellows all of them! Are they not, Josephine?

JOSEPH. I love every one of them dearly, and why shouldn't I? They are my only relations, my only friends, my only companions.

SCAL. And relations, friends, and companions that never diminish in number; for if we lose any of the brave fellows in battle, their places are immediately filled up by other brave fellows, who are educated by the old ones, as I have educated you. Ah, Josephine! (*sighs*)



JOSEPH. What's the matter, father Scalade? As I live there's—there's a tear trickling down your face; it has dropped on the tip of your moustache—let me brush it away. What are you thinking of?—any thing sad?—tell me, and let Josephine comfort you.

SCAL. I was thinking of the many brave fellows we have lost out of the regiment, since our battle on this very spot, sixteen years ago. Since that time I have seen Auterlitz, Eylau, Marengo. There is nobody left of the old stock but me!

JOSEPH. And me!

SCAL. Yes, Josephine, 'tis true, *you* are left——

JOSEPH. You and I are the oldest grenadiers of the regiment.

SCAL. 'Twas on this very spot, that, sixteen years ago, the Austrians were flying before us, the mountains were covered with dying soldiers, and broken artillery. Our regiment suddenly halted; when I perceived amongst a heap of slain, in the arms of a dead peasant, and sheltered only by the wheel of a gun carriage, a child! There she lay, laughing at the tumult that raged around her, and stretching out her little hands for some one to take her.

JOSEPH. 'Twast I.

SCAL. "Soldiers," cried the Captain, who then commanded us—"poor fellow, he reposes at Marengo! Soldiers," said he, catching you in his arms, and holding you up in front of our line—"here is a child for us—shall the regiment adopt it? Shall it belong to us?" "Yes, yes," roared out every grenadier, and you were handed to me; my knapsack was the first on which you were carried, and you became the adopted of the brave 21st!

JOSEPH. The child of the regiment.

SCAL. And somewhat of a spoiled child you are; but what of that? we all love you; the affection has come down from soldier to soldier—even the conscripts take off their caps to you, and salute you with "Good day to you, my darling daughter."

JOSEPH. And I always return it with—"Good day to you, my dear papa."

SCAL. The regiment is the only father you have, or, I

think, ever had ; for we have never been able to make out either your country or family, in spite of the letter we found on the knapsack. Some time afterwards, we discovered it to be the hand writing of a young sub-officer of Chasseurs, who was killed on the same day, but no one knew anything of you. Never mind, my girl, we have brought you up carefully ; you have sworn never to marry but to a soldier of the regiment, and then——

JOSEPH. Yes, father, I own, I have sworn, if ever I marry, to have one of the 21st for my husband.

SCAL. Eh, you seem to acknowledge your vow with regret !

JOSEPH. With regret—do I ?

SCAL. Do you ? What is the matter ? Are you sorry that you made the vow ?

JOSEPH. I am somewhat sorry. I'll tell you the reason—you know I never conceal anything from you, though I have kept this one little secret a long time ; and the concealment has made me feel so miserable, that I must ease my mind, and tell you all.

SCAL. Proceed. I'm in a complete shiver.

JOSEPH. One morning, as I was straying from the camp, and running from rock to rock, in search of flowers for a bouquet, I saw a beautiful blossom peeping out from below the edge of the precipice ; I leaned over to gather it, but it was further down than the length of my arm, so I kept stretching and stretching for it, till I lost my balance, and over I fell——

SCAL. Ah, my child !

JOSEPH. Into——

SCAL. A river ?

JOSEPH. No—the arms of a young man !

SCAL. Hollo ! That was wrong.

JOSEPH. Nay, listen.

SCAL. A young girl ought only to fall into her father's arms.

JOSEPH. But I couldn't remain in the air, waiting for the regiment.

SCAL. True, and this young man—— ?

JOSEPH. Was so kind, and so——

SCAL. Bah !—what was his country ?

JOSEPH. Tyrolean,—and when I last *saw* him——

SCAL. *Last* saw him! then you have seen him the *first* time, and you have seen him the *last*, and how many second, third, fourth, or twentieth times have you seen him?

JOSEPH. I confess—I've seen him very often, I couldn't help it either, for I have seldom left the camp for provisions, but he was always at my heels, and when at market at Inspruck, I should not have bought many things that I wanted, half so cheap, but for Guillot. He bargained for eggs for me, and he bargained for cigars for me. You should have seen him talk to the market women for me! "How much for this fowl, my good woman?" "Three francs." "Oh, nonsense!"—"two," says Guillot, "three" says the woman—"two," says Guillot, showing the money to tempt her. "Say two, and I take it, and pop goes the fowl into my basket." Then, as to cigars——

SCAL. Halt, I can't allow your tongue to run on in this way, about your fellow and his marketings; we shall have you going over to the enemy next, with the arms and baggage.

JOSEPH. Don't be afraid—its all over; when our regiment received marching orders, he came to me to bid me farewell, and his voice *did* tremble so, when he said the word, and mine trembled too. "Good bye, Josephine," he said, and then a big tear popped out of the corner of one of his eyes, "good bye," said I, in return, "I shall never see you again," and then two big tears popp'd out of mine, as round and as large as grape shot. But its all over now—I've bid him good bye, and if my heart feels sad at the thought of a few happy hours having passed away for ever, I well know how kindly and tenderly my eight hundred fathers will cheer me.

SCAL. That's right, my girl, you'll soon forget this ignoble peasant, and give your love to some fine fellow of the twenty first.

JOSEPH. I'll try very hard to do so.

SCAL. Courage, Josephine, we will be sweetheart, husband, brother, cousin, aunt, uncle, and all to you.

JOSEPH. As you have ever been. I should be ungrateful indeed, if I could for one moment forget with what tenderness my regiment has ever watched over me.

SCAL. On the march !

JOSEPH. Yes, father.

SCAL. In the camp !

JOSEPH. Yes, father.

SCAL. In the battle !

JOSEPH. Ah ! father, in the battle, where your Josephine was saved by her regiment. 'Tis the earliest recollection of my life.

### SONG.

Midst the roar of the cannon,  
And the wild din of war,  
With troops tramping round me,  
The light I first saw.  
But my regiment watch'd o'er me  
With a fond father's eye,  
While France ! Death or Glory !  
Was my childhood's first cry.  
On the field I slept soundly,  
Midst the camp's stilly hum,  
Whilst the music that roused me  
Was the roll of the drum.

Rub-a-dub—Rub-a-dub—Rub-a-dub—  
Rub-a-dub—Rub-a-dub—Rub-a-dub—  
Advance—fall back—eyes right—eyes left—  
defile—march on.

The trumpets' call still cheerly  
Rings on my list'ning ear,

And I see our firm column advance,  
To attack the proud foemen of France.  
Halt ! front ! dress ! prime ! load ! fire !  
Fire away ! make ready—present—fire ! They fly !

The bullets are whizzing about 'em ;—  
With bay'nets we charge 'em and rout 'em.  
Where are now the proud foeman of France.  
Halt—front—dress—prime—load—  
Fire away—they fly !  
Huzza—they fly !  
Huzza—they fly—huzza !

[Exit JOSEPHINE, R.H. 1 E. followed by SCALADE,  
waving his hat.]

*Enter four SOLDIERS (Bernard, Pierre, Jacques, and Cisar), dragging on GUILLOT, U.E.L.H.*

BERN. What are you doing here ?

PIERRE. Why are you following us ?

GUIL. Leave me alone, I say. I won't be push'd about—I'm doing no harm.

BERN. No harm ! Hav'n't I seen you watching our movements all day ? Come, come, confess you're a spy, and deserve the death of one.

GUIL. I'm not.

PIERRE. Shoot him out of the way.

JACQUES *knocks GUILLOT's stick from his hand—*

CISAR *presents his musket at him—* JOSEPHINE *appears.*

JOSEPH. Halt !—shoulder arms ! What are you doing ? Would you shoot a poor fellow in cold blood ? What—Guillot !

*Re-enter SCALADE, U.E., R.H.*

GUIL. Josephine !

SCAL. What's this ? Who's this ? Oho ! the young fellow of the precipice, Eh ? (*crosses to SOLDIERS*)

SCALADE *and the SOLDIERS converse up the stage—*  
*He explaining who GUILLOT is.*

JOSEPH. What brings you here, Guillot ? I thought I had taken leave of you for ever.

GUIL. So you had, and that is the very reason I've come to see you again. I couldn't bear to think that I had parted with you for ever and ever, and the more I thought that it *was* so, the more I felt that I couldn't bear it to *be* so. I tried to make up my mind to it, but I couldn't, and so I've followed you.

JOSEPH. It's wrong of you, Guillot, not to have more fortitude. I'm trying all I can to be reconciled to our fate, and to forget you ; but if you are to follow me, and to be always about me, how can I cease to think of you ? And I *must* forget you, hard as the word of command may be—it, it must be obeyed. (*sobbing*)



GUIL. (*sobbing*) But I can't help following you; and what can one do, when one can't help what one does?

BER. Sergeant, do you see our child in tears? Let me send a bullet through his head. (*presents his musket*)

JOSEPH. Ah! you won't do that, when you know that he saved my life. (*crossing to BERNARD*)

SCAL. Yes, comrades, it's true, that poor feather-bed fellow really saved Josephine from danger, and there has been a little sweethearting between them, but she remembers her oath.

SOLDIERS. Quite right!

SCAL. Josephine, give your word of honour, as the child of the 21st, that you will get rid of that fellow, and we will leave you alone with him for a few moments, that you may make him return to his duty, and not interrupt you in yours. Will you promise?

JOSEPH. Yes, father.

SCAL. Then come away lads.

[SCALADE and SOLDIERS *exeunt*, U.E.L.H.]

JOSEPH. Guillot, why did you expose yourself to such danger?

GUIL. I didn't care for any danger, so that I could chance to get another word with you; if you *wish* me never to see you again, I won't see you again; but I tell you what I'll do—you know that precipice over which you were one day falling, I'll climb to the highest point of it, and over I'll go into the river that runs at its foot—I will—I've made up my mind——

JOSEPH. I can't help it.

GUIL. What's the reason I can't marry you? I've a plantation of mulberrys; I send enough silk to the weavers that would keep us very comfortably; I'm half a Frenchman, for my father was one, though my mother was Tyrolese; I've a bit of a cottage, plenty of relations, all pretty well off; I've a cow, and other conveniences; and I am not the ugliest fellow in the world. Is there any body else claims you? And what has that old soldier got to do with you? Who is *he*, I should like to know?

JOSEPH. My father.

GUIL. What, that ugly old wrinkled-grizzly bear?

JOSEPH. Guillot, I won't hear my father abused.

GUIL. Who was the soldier that wanted to shoot me?

JOSEPH. He's my father!

GUIL. Two fathers! How's that?

JOSEPH. Did you observe the Corporal?

GUIL. I did.

JOSEPH. He's my father too.

GUIL. Father two!—father three it seems; and those old fellows below there, with the beards and large aprons and hatchets?

JOSEPH. All my fathers.

GUIL. Why, the whole regiment——

JOSEPH. Is my father.

GUIL. And how many have you?

JOSEPH. I have eight hundred at present.

GUIL. Then, as I want to marry you, and as the father's consent must always be had in such matters, it would take me half a year to get the consent of all of them. You are joking!

JOSEPH. No, from infancy I have been protected by the regiment, and I have never known any other relation; I call it my father. And now, Guillot, you must return to your mulberry trees, for I have made a vow never to marry but to a soldier of the 21st.

GUIL. You have?

JOSEPH. But take comfort, I will never marry at all.

GUIL. But you *shall* marry, and you shall marry *me*. Farewell to the mulberry trees!—farewell to the silk worms!—farewell to the cottage!—farewell to the cow!—farewell to every thing, and every body; and huzza for drums, trumpets, muskets, and cannon-balls! I will join the regiment, it wants recruits; they can't refuse a fine fellow like me, and half a Frenchman too! Then I shall be one of the 21st; I shall be your father, and give myself my own consent to marry you! Aha!—what do you say to that?

JOSEPH. Have you courage?

GUIL. Courage! for *you*, I'd brave anything! Courage! Try me, give me a smile, and I'd fight with a wolf, give me a kind word, I'd fight with a bear, give me a kiss, and I'd have a tussel with a lion.



JOSEPH. (*taking both his hands*) Brave Guillot! become one of us, and then no one can say nay.

GUIL. I will. Give me a kiss, and I'll run to the Colonel; but I must have a kiss to strengthen my resolution. (*kisses her*)

SCALADE *entering from the back*, L.—*sees him*.

SCAL. Sorry to disturb you, young fellow, but it's time for you to go! Do you call this giving him his marching order?

JOSEPH. Don't speak so crossly—he has done no harm!

SCAL. No harm! Do you call a kiss no harm?

JOSEPH. It was only one.

GUIL. And it's so comfortable.

SCAL. Right face, fellow!

GUIL. But listen to me.

SCAL. I won't listen to a word.

GUIL. I love her, and——

SCAL. Who gave you permission to love her?

GUIL. She, herself.

SCAL. Bah! March—you won't—then, by the Eagles of the Empire, I'll have you shot on the spot. (*collars him*)

GUIL. Take your hand from me.

SCALADE *overthrows* GUILLOT.

JOSEPH. (L.) Father! Guillot, get up and run, Guillot—run to the Colonel.

GUIL. I will. (*rising, and crosses to L.*)—(*to SCALADE*) Don't think, Sir, I'm running because I'm afraid—I'll have my revenge when I come back. [*Runs off*, U.E.R.]

JOSEPH. How could you treat that young fellow so roughly? I don't like it.

SCAL. Was I to stand by and see you wheedled away from the regiment by a sneaking——

JOSEPH. Hush! father! I won't hear him abused; and I shall hate you, if I find that you give way to such savage feelings. Your heart must be growing hard and wicked, and mark what I say, if you intend to play the tyrant with me, and if the regiment follow your example, I'll leave you all! There are more regiments in the French army than one. Ah! you may stare at me, but you've roused my

blood, so stop in time, Sergeant Scalade, or I'll follow my own inclinations in spite of you! Sacrebleu!

[*Exit R.H. 1 E.*

SCAL. (*staring after her*) This it is to give a child a good education! What! change her father! Muskets, bombs, and sabres!

*Enter PUMPERNICKEL and the MARCHIONESS, from the Cottage, L.H., SCALADE goes up a little.*

PUMP. You are quite right, Madame, if we remain here till the soldiers have entirely left the mountains, we shall continue here all night, therefore you must ask protection of this officer; he's very ugly, but very civil.

MARCH. Are you sure? my nerves are frightfully shaken!

SCAL. Devil take the girls! When they once get love fancies into their heads, away goes all discipline. (*seeing PUMPERNICKEL*) Hollo! what, are you there again?

PUMP. (*crosses to L.*) Speak to him, my lady.

MARCH. Excuse me, Captain—I——

SCAL. (*aside*) Captain! They are determined to promote me.

PUMP. Her ladyship is about to say——

SCAL. Silence!

MARCH. I am on my way to my chateau, about a league hence, but fearing to fall in with the military, I have rested at this cottage. Now, as you appear to be an agreeable, civil, and handsome officer——

SCAL. Hem! a woman of taste!

PUMP. Her ladyship would request——

SCAL. Silence! Proceed, madam.

PUMP. He won't let me squeeze in a word.

MARCH. I venture to conclude you will not hesitate to grant my request.

SCAL. What is it, madam?

MARCH. To obtain me a small escort to my chateau; you shall be well rewarded.

SCAL. I'll speak to our Colonel. Where is your chateau?

MARCH. A league at the furthest; from these mountains you may easily perceive the towers of Berkenfeldt.

SCAL. Eh! Berken——

MARCH. Feldt.

SCAL. Is that the name of your chateau?

MARCH. Yes, Captain. 'Tis also my own name.

SCAL. Berken——

PUMP. Feldt.

SCAL. I never could pronounce it in my life.

PUMP. Why not? It's a very ancient and noble one.

SCAL. But what connection could poor Lieutenant Robert have with such a name—such a family?

MARCH. Lieutenant Robert, did you say?

SCAL. Yes, a Lieutenant of Chasseurs, a Frenchman; he was killed on the left of a battalion, near this spot, sixteen years ago. Did you know him?

MARCH. Kill'd! and near this spot?

SCAL. Did you know him?

MARCH. One of my family knew him.

SCAL. One of your family?

MARCH. My sister.

SCAL. Does she still live?

MARCH. Alas, no! Pray tell me of this Robert; he was taken from the ranks for good conduct and bravery, and was killed in a battle with the Austrians?

SCAL. The same, madam.

MARCH. He was related to me.

SCAL. Your sister's husband?

MARCH. I am ashamed to admit the tie, but so it was; she disgraced her noble family by a union with a common soldier.

SCAL. What, madame! disgraced her family by a marriage with a brave man, say you? Courage is nobility, madame, look at your old coats of arms—how were the best and the oldest won? By some act of daring bravery! and you talk of a family being disgraced!

PUMP. (*to the MARCHIONESS*) For heaven's sake let the savage enjoy his own opinion. You're quite right, Sir; a brave man takes the highest rank, either in the peerage of the country or of nature!

MARCH. Pardon my expressions—my family pride has, perhaps, imbued me with false opinions.

SCAL. See what it is to have a bad education! Proceed, madame.

MARCH. My sister secretly married this Lieutenant,

previous to his promotion ; a daughter was the result of the union. On the eve of a frightful battle, the child, at his request, was sent to him, in the care of a servant : the battle commenced earlier than was expected, the servant and child, on their return, found themselves in the midst of the carnage ; they were both killed, and my sister, from that day, was childless, and a widow.

SCAL. And this child, had she lived, she would have been your niece ?

PUMP. And sole heiress to the Barony of Berkenfeldt.

SCAL. And you think her lost ? No, madame, she was saved ! We found her on the field ; we adopted her, and she is at this moment alive and merry !

MARCH. Where is she ? Let me see her.

SCAL. She left me just now, in a very great passion. (*undoing his knapsack*)

MARCH. Have you proof it is the same child ?

SCAL. Proof ! She was lying in the arms of a dead peasant ; on him we found this letter. (*taking from his knapsack an old discoloured letter*) Read it, madam.

MARCH. (*reads, with much emotion*) " I have seen the child, and have embraced her. If I survive this battle, even the house of Berkenfeldt may yet acknowledge, without a blush, the poor Lieutenant Robert." It is his hand ! May I keep this document.

SCAL. Not at present ; I can't act without orders.

MARCH. (*returning it*) What is her name ?

SCAL. (R.C.) Out of compliment to the wife of the first consul we called her Josephine.

MARCH. (L.C.) Is she not rude—uneducated ?

SCAL. No, madam, we have taken excellent care of her manners. I assure you she is quite a lady.

*Re-enter JOSEPHINE, R.H.*

JOSEPH. (R.) Zounds, and the devil ! What fellows my fathers are ! They have been in in such a rage with me because I have threatened to leave them ; but I will have my own way a little, corbleu !

PUMP. (L.) How that girl swears ! You must retire out of the sound of such language.

JOSEPHINE *approaches SCALADE, who turns his back on her, buckling on his knapsack.*

JOSEPH. Don't be angry with me; I own I was in a passion just now, but it's all over. The rest of my fathers have forgiven me, and have emptied my canteen. Give me a kiss and make it up.

SCAL. Naughty girl!

JOSEPH. You know I love you all dearly, though now and then I can't help having a little devil in me; but what is a girl without it? I have made up my mind to obey you in all things—don't turn your back on poor Josephine!

MARCH. Josephine! Is that the child? (*advancing to SCALADE*)

PUMP. That vulgar creature a Baroness!---impossible!

JOSEPH. I perceive you are talking to strangers; I'll sit down on the brow of the hill 'till your good nature returns. (*goes up R.H., singing*)

SCAL. That is your niece, madame. Shall I tell her who you are?

MARCH. Immediately, I implore you.

SCAL. Impossible!

JOSEPH. Ah! you do forgive me, and are my dear grim old father again!

SCAL. Silence!—Attention!—Josephine, none of your fathers ever knew who was your mother; we've discovered her——

JOSEPH. My mother!

SCAL. Subdue your feelings—she is not living.

JOSEPH. Ah! why did you make my heart jump so? I tremble from head to foot.

SCAL. But I have discovered you belong to a great family.

JOSEPH. A great family! Not a greater family than I belong to already.

SCAL. I'm serious! Your aunt is here; she is rich and noble.

JOSEPH. My aunt!

SCAL. Your mother's sister.

JOSEPH. I don't believe it.

MARCH. Indeed, indeed, 'tis true, Come to me.



(JOSEPHINE *crosses to her*) Yes, my child, you are related to me; I require no letter to prove your birth, when I behold your features. You are, indeed, the child of one who was most dear to me! Let me—let me embrace you!

MARCHIONESS *embrace* JOSEPHINE, *and weeps—*  
PUMPERNICKEL *presents her Sal Volatile.*

JOSEPH. Am I really related to you? I think I must be, for you embrace me so kindly; but I have never known, till now, what it is to be embraced by one of my own sex. I'm sure I shall like you, there seems something so kind in your manner, and you fill me with feelings that I never felt before. What are they? What is the reason of them? I feel as if I could cry.

MARCH. It is because you have been deprived of a parent's care—have never lived beneath a father's watchful eye.

JOSEPH. I've had eight hundred fathers' watchful eyes, sometimes a thousand! Here's one of them, the foundation father of my whole family. Is it indeed all true that you tell me? Scalade, why are you silent?

SCAL. The old letter in my knapsack was written by your real father; you are an orphan, and there stands your aunt.

MARCH. With whom you must henceforth dwell. To whose care alone you are in future to be entrusted.

JOSEPH. Entrusted to your care!—am I then to leave the regiment? Leave my dear old friends who have protected me so long? Oh, no, no; if *I* could have the heart to leave you, I am sure you would not part with *me*!

SCAL. It will be a hard struggle to bid you good bye; you had best let her remain where she is, madame! we know how to take care of her better than any one else.

MARCH. Kind as your old friends have been to you, and grateful as I feel to them for their protection, it is imperative that you now take your proper station in life. Why should you refuse? You will repose in richly furnished apartments—you will wear splendid dresses—your hair will be powdered, instead of it's being worn in the rude manner you *now* wear it. You will be introduced to elegant

society—you will have servants, and you will ride in a carriage.

JOSEPH. I'd rather ride on a knapsack ! I want no grandeur ! I have not been used to it. Why should I care for richly furnished rooms, when I sleep so soundly on the field ? As for servants, they could never attend to me like my regiment ; and what companions could make up for the loss of my dear old Sergeant and his comrades ? (*she embraces SCALADE, who wipes his eyes*)

SCAL. I wish we had not found this aunt !

PUMP. Embracing that old monster—horrible !

MARCH. My child, you forget your station, release yourself from the arms of that person.

SCAL. She's so used to 'em, my lady, she thinks no harm of it.

MARCH. Perhaps for a time some of your old friends could remain with you at the chateau.

JOSEPH. Ah ! Then I shouldn't care. But it mustn't be *some*, it must be all ; the very drummers must come with me. Let but my fathers, be about me, and around me, and whether I am in a castle or a cottage, it will be all the same to me ; but to leave them, and so suddenly too, I can't—I won't, and deuce take me if I do !

PUMP. Mercy on me ! a thousand ruffians in the chateau !

MARCH. If it can be accomplished you shall have your wish.

JOSEPH. Then give the word of command, and we'll march to the chateau in double quick time. We'll make the old place ring again with our songs and our dances, with the tat-too at night, and the revielle in the morning ! Won't we, Sergeant !

SCAL. I must despatch a message to our Colouel for permissiom. Hollo ! Alcibiades Rataplan !

*A DRUMMER enters, R.H.*

MARCH. (*to PUMPERNICKEL*) Let my carriage be waiting at the foot of the hill.

*SCALADE gives the DRUMMER directions and sends him off—PUMPERNICKEL goes off, U.E.L.H., at the same time a loud shout of joy is heard at U.E. R.H., and GUILLOT, followed by SOLDIERS, enters—he wears a tri-coloured cockade.*



GUIL. Huzza! It's done, Josephine—I'm your father now—look at my cockade. I've enlisted, the Colonel accepted me at once, and wished that he could get a thousand more young fellows like me. My name is enrolled, and here I am, a soldier of the 21st. Now, Mr. Sergeant, what do you say to my making Josephine my wife?

SCAL. That your chance of having her is smaller than ever.

GUIL. What do you mean?

SCAL. That Josephine has discovered her family.

JOSEPH. Yes, Guillot, we are going to a fine chateau, that lady is my relation! she claims me, and in future I am to live with her.

GUIL. What! Do you mean to leave the regiment? and just as I have joined it! I'll desert—I'll follow you wherever you go. I didn't care for being a soldier, only for you——

MARCH. Who is that person?

JOSEPH. Its only a little bit of a sweetheart I have——

MARCH. My child, you must forget all such connections now. You belong to a noble house. What may be your family, young man?

GUIL. It's very respectable, madam, my uncle's a tailor at Inspruck.

MARCH. Oh, heavens! Take him away.

GUIL. But he's a Burgomaster, with four journeymen, two apprentices; and I have a cow and silk worms, besides being half a Frenchman.

MARCH. Silence that creature, and don't let him approach me, I beg.

PUMPERNICKEL *returns*—the MARCHIONESS *confers with him*, L.H.

GUIL. Is it indeed true that you are to leave the regiment? Ah—I see it is! That grand lady is your relation, and there is no hope for me now. I won't join the regiment though. (*about to tear the cockade from his hat*) Yes, I will! I'll follow it through every danger—(*the DRUMMER returns*)—I'll be foremost in every battle, I'll run right in the way of every cannon ball I can see, in the hope that one of 'em may end me, and my troubles together.

SCAL. (*having whispered with the DRUMMER*) Huzza! The Colonel grants permission for the chateau to be our quarters 'till further orders.

PUMP. Oh, horror!

JOSEPH. There, cheer up, Guillot—cheer up, you shall go with me. All my fathers are to accompany me, and you are one now; so don't be unhappy, for who knows, what chance, and the fortune of war, may do for us?

*Another DRUMMER enters, R.H.*

PUMP. Her ladyship is anxious to proceed.

MARCH. Come, my niece, you will accompany me in my carriage.

JOSEPH. A carriage! I don't belong to the artillery, I'm one of the infantry, and shall march.

MARCH. Then, my steward must attend on you.

MARCHIONESS and PUMPERNICKEL *go off behind the Cottage, L.H.*—*Two other DRUMMERS enter, R.H., one gives a drum to JOSEPHINE.*

JOSEPH. Now, Rataplan, give the signal for our march, while the song of the regiment will bring the soldiers far and near to join us on the road.

SCAL. Ha! the song of the regiment—the song of the 21st.

### FINALE.

SCAL. Look through the line,  
From the best to the worst,  
What troops can compare  
With the glorious twenty-first.  
Who, in the fight,  
Makes the foe bite the dust,  
So fiercely and sure  
As the glorious twenty-first!

JOSEPH. Who in the sack,  
Of a blazing town,  
In mercy finds  
It's chief renown?  
Let the cry of woe  
Come from friend or foe.

ALL. To forbear, or to dare, or to spare !  
Corbleu !

They are here,  
They are there,  
Every where—

Morbleu !  
The glorious fighting twenty-first.

SCAL. Who on the march,  
and Takes the best with the worst,  
SOLDIERS. Heedless of both,  
Like the glorious twenty-first;  
Caannon may blaze,  
Shells they may burst—  
Forward is the cry  
Of the glorious twenty-first.

JOSEPH. Who, when the war  
It's raging shall cease,  
Like them can repose,  
In the blessings of peace ?  
But at the trumpet's sound,  
On the field again they're found !

ALL. To forbear, or to dare, or to spare.  
Corbleu !

They are here,  
They are there,  
Every where !

Morbleu !  
The glorious fighting twenty-first.

*All form a line of March, and march round the Stage—JOSEPHINE with her drum, and GUILLOT in the midst—they are winding up the Mountains—VILLAGERS, male and female, enter R.H., when JOSEPHINE is on c. of platform.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Chateau of the Marchioness, Doors in Centre—Doors on each side and Window, L.H. 3 E., with steps ascending to it—Handsome Furniture, a Piano Forte, L.H.*

*A NOTARY discovered at Table, R.H., writing—The DUCHESS DE GRANDTETE, and the MARCHIONESS, seated in centre.*

DUCH. (to NOTARY) Proceed, Sir, let me perfectly understand the terms of the alliance.

NOTA. (reading) “In consideration of Mademoiselle Josephine Berkenfeldt being united to Archambante, Duke de Grandtête, Madame Priscilla de Berkenfeldt, aunt of the said Josephine, agrees to settle on the husband certain herein named estates, producing ten thousand florins per annum. The Duke de Grandtête, on his part, merely bestowing on his Duchess his ancient and hereditary titles.”

DUCH. Perfectly satisfactory. Thus, the alliance of your niece with my son, will place your family in the highest rank of nobility, while the wealth bestowed on your part will restore the house of Grandtête to its original splendour.

MARCH. It is my intention, immediately after the marriage, to accompany my noble nephew and niece to Paris, where, at the Court of the restored Louis, our united families may once more appear.

DUCH. Let the contract be ready for signature this evening, as my son will soon arrive to be introduced to his bride.

NOTA. All shall be prepared, Madame La Duchesse.

*The NOTARY puts his paper into his portfolio, and exit C. and L.H.*

DUCH. Your niece, Madame, is rather uncouth in her manners at present, the effect no doubt of her provincial education, but a few months in the French capital will remove her awkwardness.

MARCH. The disturbed state of our country, for so many

years, has been the only cause of my niece not receiving that attention, which she otherwise would have commanded; but the repose that we have since enjoyed has enabled me to attend more to her accomplishments.

DUCH. We must be careful to check any vulgar impulse that the young lady may exhibit, on her introduction to my son, for his grace is so refined, so entirely imbued with the elegance of the ancient regime, that the slightest approach to any thing plebeian, would so shock him, that the consequences might prove fatal to our proposed union. Where is Mademoiselle? She should continue in our company as much as possible.

MARCH. Certainly. (*rings a bell on table*)

*Enter a VALET, c. from L.*

—Go to the boudoir of Mademoiselle, if she has finished her toilette, tell her we request her presence here.

[VALET bows and retires, c. and L.]

DUCH. I shall be charmed to see her in the stately attire of our old and polished Court; and what a luxury it is, that we are enabled to return to it without fear, and that the savage taste of the abhorred revolution, need no more be regarded.

VALET appears c., announces “Mademoiselle,” then retires.

*Enter JOSEPHINE, from L.C., with her hair dressed in the fashion of the last century—her costume of the same period.*

*The DUCHESS and MARCHIONESS both curtsey to her.*

JOSEPH. (*returns it*) Does my toilette please you, aunt?

MARCH. I'm delighted, and only hope that the innovations of fashion will never induce you to alter it.

DUCH. When you are introduced to my son, be sure to advance with a step of dignity, and receive him with a profound curtsey—thus. (DUCHESS curtseys) Let me see you do the same. (JOSEPHINE curtseys) Lower.

JOSEPH. Lower! (*curtseys low*) I shall never get up again. (*aside*)

DUCH. Very well. Now draw yourself erect, with grace.

JOSEPH. I will, if I can. (*aside*) She's worse than a drill sergeant! (*draws herself up as directed*)

DUCH. The Duke will then present his hand, which you must accept with a timid dignity. Present your hand, Marchioness.

*The MARCHIONESS presents her hand, which JOSEPHINE takes ludicrously.*

DUCH. Heavens! That will never do, the Duke will be disgusted; observe me.

*The DUCHESS crosses, and takes the hand of the MARCHIONESS in a stately manner.*

DUCH. That was the way I accepted the hand of his late grace.

JOSEPH. (*aside*) Where there's so much ceremony, there can be very little love.

DUCH. Accept my hand, as if I were the Duke.

JOSEPHINE *imitates the actions of the DUCHESS.*

—Better. The Duke will convey your hand to his lips, you must then permit a slight blush to suffuse your cheeks, and a gentle tremor to pervade your frame; but be careful not to exaggerate, all excess of feeling is vulgar, he will then, in a firm but low voice exclaim—"charming creature, I am unworthy of being the possessor of so much beauty!" Your reply must be—"I feel pride and pleasure in assuring your grace, that you are all my fancy could paint, or my warmest wishes desire." Let me hear you.

JOSEPH. I feel pride and pleasure——

DUCH. In assuring your grace——

JOSEPH. In assuring your grace, that you are all paint——

DUCH. All my fancy could paint.

JOSEPH. Fancy could paint, or my warmest wishes desire.

DUCH. Pretty well. You must repeat that reply to yourself several times, keeping your mouth nearly compressed into a small circle, so that the words may escape in a subdued, yet polished tone. Adieu, my dear, for a few moments. (*speaking as she has described*)



JOSEPH. (*imitating*) Adieu, madame, for a few moments.

MARCH. We will leave you, my dear niece, for a short time, to perfect yourself in the deportment necessary to be observed on so momentous an occasion, as the introduction to your future husband.

*The MARCHIONESS and DUCHESS curtsey profoundly—JOSEPHINE does the same—The MARCHIONESS and DUCHESS contend for precedence as they go out at the back, the DUCHESS goes first, c. and l.*

JOSEPH. Oh, dear! How glad I am they're gone, and that I can now move about a little as nature meant me to do! I feel so awkward and so miserable in this finery! I was much happier when I used to wear my little suttler's jacket and hat, with my canteen by my side, and my brave fathers' around me! I'll never part with that dress: I'll often wear it, too, even if my husband is a duke. Poor Guillot! he is killed no doubt. I have never heard of my regiment since it was ordered from this chateau two years ago; I shall never see it again! Poor dear old Scalade, and Pierre, and Etienne—all disbanded, and dead, perhaps. What a change!—the Emperor gone!—a king again in France, and me about to be married! How I shall hate my husband! Never mind, I am to go to Paris; I am to live in the country of my best friends, my earliest protectors. The country, too, of my father! and is it not mine? Yes, and never will I own another.

SONG.—“*Salut de France.*”

Oh, France! Oh, my country!

Fondly I love thee.

Land of the soldier!

Region of liberty.

Oh, France! Oh, my country!

Land of the soldier,

Clime of the free.

My soul's in thy story,

I've tears for thy woe;

I've pride in thy glory,

And hate for thy foe.



Oh, France! Oh, my country!

Fondly I love thee;

Land of the soldier,

Clime of the free.

All my friends, warm and true,

Dearest France, came from you.

As those I found sincerest,

Feelings fondest—dearest—

I keep for thee,

Whatever in life,

My lot may be.

Oh, France! Oh, my country!

Salut a la France!

Vive la France!

*Enter PUMPERNICKEL, C. from L.H.*

PUMP. He has arrived—the Duke has arrived. Let me implore you, Miss, not to forget the instructions in decorum given you, by your noble connections. For heaven's sake banish all remembrance of your regiment, and your military phrases, think only of your family and your family honours—though I confess I tremble for you.

JOSEPH. As for that, my manners must depend upon chance; I can't always be keeping guard over my tongue and feelings.

PUMP. Keeping guard!—can't you say, “controul my tongue.” Keeping guard!—Vile!

JOSEPH. I'm sure I hardly know how to move in all this finery; I feel as if I was buckled up in a cuirass. I wish I could take it all off, and jump into my jacket and trowsers again.

PUMP. Don't dream of such a thing. If the Duke were to know in what condition you were discovered, there would be an end to the match —

JOSEPH. If I don't like him, I'll tell him what I was; then call for my drum, beat a pas de charge, and by a clever flank movement, drive my intended husband and all the visitors out of the chateau.

PUMP. Hush, hush! I implore you—think of your aunt's nerves—think of her dread of the secret being

known. Hav'n't we discharged all the servants that had the slightest idea of what you were? Hav'n't I taken an oath never to disclose the fact? Oh! for aristocracy's sake, be cautious.

JOSEPH. Hark, I hear them coming; I wish I could make a retreat by the window. Oh, dear, all my courage is going; I can't bear so much dignity, and a duke too—some tall, proud fellow, all over stars and orders, to kiss my hand!—I want to run away!

PUMP. Hush! He is here.

*Enter four SERVANTS in livery, c. from L., they bow—then the DUCHESS and the MARCHIONESS, followed by six or eight LADIES and GENTLEMEN—The DUKE ARCHAMBANT DE GRANDTETE last, who is a very small man, but very pompous and stately.*

JOSEPHINE keeps on L.H., in great trepidation—  
PUMPERNICKEL close to her side encouraging her—  
The DUCHESS takes the DUKE's hand, and leads him towards JOSEPHINE.

DUCH. Allow me, Mademoiselle, to introduce to you your future husband, Monsieur Archambant Duke de Grandtette.

JOSEPH. (*aside*) Oh! what an ugly little man!

PUMP. Oh, don't—don't let him hear you.

DUKE. (R.) I am charmed at the honour of this introduction, Mademoiselle, charmed—really!

PUMP. (*aside to JOSEPHINE*) Curtsey.

JOSEPH. I do—I do nothing else.

PUMP. (*aside*) Make some reply.

JOSEPH. (*curtseying*) I'm sure I feel—that is I—(*looking at him*)—Oh! he wouldn't do for a drummer!

DUCH. and MARCH. (*having heard her*) Oh! Heavens!

MARCH. Recollect yourself.

DUKE. I assure you, I adore you.

JOSEPH. You are very good, Sir.

PUMP. (*aside*) No, no, say something else.

DUKE. Let me hope that you consider me worthy of being the possessor of so much beauty.

MARCH. (*aside to JOSEPHINE*) Now—now, remember.

JOSEPH. (*screwing up her mouth as before directed*) I feel

a pride and pleasure in assuring your Grace, that you are—*(aside to MARCHIONESS)*—What is he?

MARCH. *(prompting her in an under tone)* All my fancy——

JOSEPH. All my fancy——

MARCH. could paint.

JOSEPH. Could, could—diable! I won't tell such a lie!

MARCH. DUCH. *and* PUMP. Oh! Gracious powers!

DUKE. Mademoiselle——

JOSEPH. I can't help it—if you are to marry me, you must take me as you find me.

MARCH. Silence, Mademoiselle. I'm sorry—I'm shock'd at this strange behaviour of my niece; but your Grace, I know will excuse it, when you recollect her provincial education.

DUKE. Yes, indeed, 'tis very—very pardonable.

MARCH. *(aside)* How could you so forget yourself?

JOSEPH. It popped out in spite of me.

MARCH. Her associating with a noble of your Grace's high polish, will soon remove her rudeness, and you will yet be charmed with her.

DUCH. *(aside)* I'm vulgar enough to be quite in a perspiration.

DUKE. Allow me to conduct you to a seat, Mademoiselle.

*Hands her to the couch, and sits beside her—The MARCHIONESS and DUCHESS sit near the Piano—All the GUESTS sit.*

MARCH. *(to SERVANTS)* Refreshment for his Grace.

*SERVANTS go off C. and L., returning immediately, with lemonade, cakes, &c., which they hand round.*

DUCH. I hope your Grace found the roads easy.

DUKE. They were horrible, and I assure you, nothing sustained me under the infliction of such travelling, but the reception I was sure of meeting at the end of my journey.

MARCH. Reply, reply. *(to JOSEPHINE in an under tone)*

JOSEPH. Talk of roads! Do you know what it is to ride in a baggage waggon?

DUCH. Oh! I shall faint!

MARCH. Oh ! I shall drop !

PUMP. Oh ! I shall expire !

DUKE. What charming wit Mademoiselle possesses. Quite delightful ! (*taking snuff*) No, believe me, I never ascended such an equipage as you allude to. (*a long pause*)

JOSEPH. (*sipping her lemonade*) What a dreadful silence ! If this is grandeur, I wish I was away from it. Every body seems afraid of nature, and natural ways—no body speaks a word.

*A distant March heard, U.E.L.H*

JOSEPH. (*starting*) What's that ?—a distant march ! Are there there troops in the country ? Are there ? Hush ! Listen, listen.. (*The March ceases*)

DUCH. What is it that agitates Ma'mselle ?

DUKE. To what do you listen, Ma'mselle ?

MARCH. (*aside*) I shall expire !

JOSEPH. All's silent ! It would not have been my fancy ; the sounds came distinctly on my ear ; 'twas like an old march of the regiment—my regiment !

DUKE. Ma'amselle !

JOSEPH. Silence, Sir ! (*knocks him back on the couch.*)

DUKE. Heavens !

JOSEPH. Let not a soul utter a word.

*The march is played again loudly—JOSEPHINE jumps from her seat, throws down her cup, runs up the steps to the window—looks out with delight—all rise in astonishment.*

JOSEPH. It is my regiment ! There too is Scalade, and there Pierre, and there Bernard, and there—huzza, huzza ! (*waving her handkerchief*)

SOLDIERS *without*, " Huzza " also.

*The MARCHIONESS fainting—PUMPERNICKLE attending her.*

JOSEPH. Wait there Pierre—wait Scalade ; I'll come down to you.]

(*Sings*)

Salut a la France—

Salut a la France !

Vive la France !

*She shouts loudly, is joined by the SOLDIERS, and runs off, C. and L.H.—Loud shouts kept up till she is off.*

DUCH. What is the meaning of all this ?

DUKE. Very amusing girl, really !

MARCH. *(recovering)* Oh, madame, oh monsieur, pray oblige me with an interview alone. His Grace must be shocked at the strange conduct of his bride, but I trust that I can explain matters to the satisfaction of every one.

DUCH. An explanation is indeed necessary.

MARCH. Step with me into my boudoir, I beg. Pumpnickel, follow Mademoiselle.

*Exit PUMPERNICKEL, C. and L.*

—I am overwhelmed with confusion at this scene, but all shall be explained.

*Exit at door, U.E.R.H., followed by the DUKE and DUCHESS, with great dignity—The GUESTS follow them, shrugging their shoulders.*

JOSEPH. *(without)* Come in, come in, I don't care for anything now you are here.

*Bringing SCALADE in, C. from L.H.*

—Come in my dear old father—don't be afraid, I'll do as I like to day, in spite of all the Dukes in Christendom ! *(embracing him)* There's no one here—so much the better ; I knew I should soon rout 'em. Sit down, and tell me all about the regiment, and where you have been. *(places a chair in centre—SCALADE sits)* Oh, bless that dear old grizzly moustache ! How glad I am to see it once again ! Well, and you are now——

SCAL. En route to join the Emperor.

JOSEPH. The Emperor

SCAL. He has bade adieu to Elba, and will be in Paris in three days.

JOSEPH. Sacrebleu ! How glad I am.

SCAL. The soldiers are flying in every direction. Our Colonel has called together two battalions many leagues hence—some of us made this our route in the hope of seeing you once more. There are not many of us left, the Russian campaign has played the devil with the 21st.



JOSEPH. You remain!—

SCAL. I've been almost cut to pieces; but I still live, and nothing but death shall prevent my following the fortunes of my chief.

JOSEPH. Who have you lost? I saw many strange faces amongst you; a few only were old acquaintances. (*aside*) Poor Guillot, he's surely killed! I'm afraid to ask, and he don't like to tell me. Oh, what a tremble I'm in!—how shall I learn his fate? And tell me, father—tell me—old Jacques—what has become of him?

SCAL. Killed!

JOSEPH. And Achille Mignon?

SCAL. Killed!

JOSEPH. And Phillipe? He who used to dance—you recollect.

SCAL. Killed!

JOSEPH. And Jean?

SCAL. Killed!

JOSEPH. And Louis—and Richard?

SCAL. Killed!

JOSEPH. Then he's gone—poor Guillot! I must get courage to ask—he can't be living—he said he wouldn't live, and he's kept his word; and tell me. Oh, how I tremble! and—and—Guillot?

SCAL. (*laughing loudly*) Ha, ha, ha!

JOSEPH. What do you mean?

SCAL. Oh, Guillot—Guillot's a fine fortunate fellow! We left him on the frontier—he won all the glory with very little of the work.

JOSEPH. He lives, then?

SCAL. Lives! Ha, ha! He'll be here soon, to tell his own story. He halted to see his uncle, the tailor,

JOSEPH. And are his legs and arms in the proper places?

SCAL. Yes, and an epaulette on his shoulder.

JOSEPH. Morbleu!

SCAL. Confound the fellow, he has jump'd over all our heads—thanks to his despair, and being able to read.

GUILLOT. (*heard without*) Josephine! I will come in, I tell you, I will—Josephine!

JOSEPH. (*jumping up*) That's his voice!

GUILLOT *runs in from C. from L. his dress of a Sub Lieutenant of the line—He embraces JOSEPHINE, with great delight.*

GUIL. Oh, Josephine! Here I am, I'm not killed, though I've done nothing but try to be returned so. Never mind, I'm glad now I'm alive.

JOSEPH. Are you sure? Safe and sound, and no wounds?

GUIL. One or two. I'm grazed on my shoulder—I've a cut on my leg—I've had a bullet go clean through my side, and I've lost the tip of my ear.

JOSEPH. And gained promotion?

GUIL. Yes, but I didn't deserve it.

JOSEPH. No!

GUIL. No.

SCAL. Ha, ha! 'Twas the fortune of war, eh, Guillot?

JOSEPH. Tell me—pray tell me how it was.

GUIL. You know I wanted to be killed; I run into all dangers on purpose. My officers thought it was my bravery, when it was only my love.

JOSEPH. Poor Guillot!

GUIL. My first battle made me a corporal, my second a serjeant; I hardly know why, except that I tried all I could to be shot. Then, in my third battle, after doing such deeds as astonished myself and every body else, there was a fort to be taken; it was a forlorn hope—every body was sure to be killed! Now's your time, Guillot, says I—I was the first—a volunteer—was accepted, and away I went. Didn't I, Sergeant?

SCAL. Yes, mon Lieutenant.

JOSEPH. Well?

GUIL. The men were shot down on all sides of me; that's where I lost the tip of my ear. On I went, 'till I found myself opposite to a Russian ensign, seven feet high. Oh, such a giant—the staff of his flag had been shot away—he seized me in his brawny arms; and what do you think he did?

JOSEPH. What?

GUIL. Tied me up in his flag, and threw me over his shoulder as his prisoner.

SCAL. Ha, ha!



JOSEPH. I wish I had been there. Well?

GUIL. At that moment, a cannon shot carried off his head, down he went, and I under him, into a ditch. I got clear of my customer as soon as I could, the fort was taken, scarcely a man was left but myself. I returned in triumph, wrapped up in the Russian flag, which I couldn't get out of, was received with cheers, had the credit of carrying a fort, and taking an enemy's standard; and in a month afterwards I woke up one morning and found myself an officer.

SCAL. There's a hero!

GUIL. Then a bullet wound kept me on the Russian frontier.

SCAL. And my Lieutenant escaped the lances of the Cossacks.

*Noise without of laughing, and calling " Scalade, Scalade !"*

SCAL. My comrades are calling me. I'll leave you together for a few moments, for I see a third person is one too many here. Make the best use of your time, Mon Lieutenant, for we have but an hour to halt, and then once more for the field of glory. *Exit, C.L.H.*

JOSEPH. (*surveying* GUILLOT) A Lieutenant, then you now hold the very same rank, they tell me, my father held. I'm very, very glad to see you—yet——

GUIL. Yet—what?

JOSEPH. I'm very unhappy.

GUIL. For what cause?

JOSEPH. Because I'm going to be married.

GUIL. Married! To whom?

JOSEPH. I hardly know. During the two years that I have been quartered with my aunt—that I have resided with my aunt, I should say; you see I can't quite forget my old phrases, I have never heard of my regiment, or you, or any one belonging to it; and thinking you were all killed in Russia, or disbanded, or had quite forgotten your daughter, I promised to yield to the wishes of my aunt; and—and——

GUIL. Marry a man who never was your father! Have you forgotten your promise? However, you had quite left

the regiment, indeed didn't know of its existence; and when is this marriage to take place?

JOSEPH. The contract is to be signed this evening.

GUIL. Well, I wish you may be happy. I mean what I say—I wish you may be happy; I know it's very silly in me to feel miserable on this occasion, because I have long given up all hope of having you myself, and wished to be killed; but if a man can't get killed, let him try ever so hard, what's to be done? Well, good bye! I wish I had not come here—good bye! (*going*)

JOSEPH. Stop! Halt!—front!—attention! Guillot, attention! have you still the same kind feelings for me that you had when you enlisted?

GUIL. Yes—I wish I hadn't.

JOSEPH. If I run away, and join the regiment again, will you have me?

GUIL. Will I? Don't you love this husband they've found for you?

JOSEPH. Love him! I only saw him for the first time half an hour since.

GUIL. Then, if you don't love him you shan't marry him.

JOSEPH. If I stay here, my aunt will compel me!

GUIL. Will she? Let her attempt it, that's all. Ah, you may stare! Only let me lay in ambush here, and if they force you to marry against your will, just call out Guillot, and I will stand before you.

JOSEPH. And what then?

GUIL. Don't ask questions—you shall see; I'll throw such a bombshell into the old chateau of Berkenfeldt as shall bring it about the old lady's ears.

JOSEPH. Hark! My aunt and her friends are returning.

GUIL. Remember, I'll not be far off—call out—Guillot.

*Enter SCALADE, c. from L.*

SCAL. (*to GUILLOT.*) Lieutenant! your presence is required below; more men have come up, and are asking for you.

GUIL. (*to JOSEPH*) Don't forget.

JOSEPH. No, no; and if all fails I'll desert.

GUILLOT *goes out C. and L. as the MARCHIONESS enters, followed by the DUKE, DUCHESS, and the GUESTS from door, R.U.E.*

DUCH. We are perfectly satisfied.

DUKE. Perfectly! Her story is quite a romance.

DUCH. (*approaching JOSEPHINE*) We are delighted, my dear; your aunt has told us your charming history, and far from looking upon it as derogatory to our house, it will add to the interest of its annals.

DUKE. (*aside, R.*) As much as my bride's dower will add our small means of supporting it's dignity.

DUCH. (*pointing to SCALADE, who is standing at the back*) And is that one of your old companions?

JOSEPH. One of my fathers.

DUCH. Indeed!—approach soldier.

SCAL. (*advances, L.H.*) I hate these grand people; I'd sooner face the blaze of a park of artillery.

JOSEPH. (*aside to SCALADE*) Heads up, Sergeant! Think of the honour of the regiment.

DUCH. A fine old fellow! (*surveying him*)

DUKE. (*crosses to SCALADE*) Have you been in battle, my man?

SCAL. and JOSEPH. Been in battle? Ha, ha!—what a question!

SCAL. (*roughly*) Yes.

DUKE. (*starts back to R.*) Really!—where?

SCAL. Arcola, Eyleau, Marengo.

JOSEPH. Ah, Marengo—I recollect Marengo.

SCAL. Austerlitz.

JOSEPH. I was at Austerlitz.

ALL. Really! Indeed!

JOSEPH. A bullet grazed my shoulder there. (*to SCALADE*) You recollect when the flank companies fell back at a charge of cavalry, and formed in square?

SCAL. I do.

JOSEPH. Don't you recollect when the old Colonel gave the pas de charge, the poor little drummer was lying dead at his feet, I strapped on his drum, and beat the charge myself.

SCAL. I do.

JOSEPH. Rub-a-rub—rub-a-dub. Then don't you recollect the cheer that ran along the battalion as on it went?

SCAL. I do.

JOSEPH. Mort de Ciel! I was never so near fire before; "keep her back" cried the men—"keep her back." I heard no more—a shot came whizzing past, and struck me here. See, see! (*about to show her shoulder*)

MARCH. Heavens! My dear, my dear! don't forget yourself, sit down, I beg. Sergeant, make yourself, for a time, happy in the society of your adopted child. (*they all sit*)

*A loud shout without—Enter PUMPERNICKEL, C. from L., in alarm.*

PUMP. Madame, madame, what am I to do? The house is full of soldiers! They have broken the cellar door open, and will have wine.

MARCH. Let them have all they require.

PUMP. All they require! Oh, heavens!

[*Exit, C. and L.*]

MARCH. I am anxious to prove to you (*to the DUCHESS*) what exertions my niece has made to remove the effects of her early education. Josephine, oblige me with that aria you have learned to play so correctly—my favourite.

DUKE. Will you allow me to conduct your to the piano?

JOSEPH. I shall be delighted, but——

JOSEPHINE *sits at the pianoforte*—*The SERGEANT in the front chair near it*—PUMPERNICKEL *returns*.

### ARIA.—JOSEPHINE.

Sweet Philomel, one night of beauty  
Was singing in the grove,  
When Corydon, forgetting duty,  
Thought only of his love.  
Attracted by the melody  
He braved the midnight air,  
And stealing to a shrubbery  
He found his Chloe there.

ALL. Brava!—brava!—very pretty!

SCAL. Don't sing that. Give 'em the song of the regiment.

(sings) Look thro' the line,  
From the best to the worst.

JOSEPH. Ah—that's the song!

(sings) Look thro' the line,  
From the best to the worst,  
What troops can compare  
To the glorious twenty-first.

JOSEPH. Cannon may blaze,  
and Shells they may burst—

SCAL. Forward is the cry  
Of the glorious twenty-first.

SOLDIERS enter, c. from L. and repeat the second part in chorus—At the end of which they give three loud huzzas—PUMPERNICKEL runs up to silence them—They take him up in their arms, and carry him off, c. and L.

DUKE. Charming!

DUCH. Extraordinary!

ALL. Delightful! delightful!

*Re-enter PUMPERNICKEL.*

PUMP. Madame, madame——

MARCH. What now?

PUMP. The Notary. *[Exit, c. and L.]*

MARCH. Thank heaven! Sergeant, pray order your comrades to be quiet; our festivities must cease 'till the business of this happy meeting is completed.

*Enter NOTARY, c.l., goes to table, R.H.*

SCAL. (*aside to JOSEPHINE*) Who's he?

JOSEPH. The Notary!

SCAL. What? Do you mean to say you're going to be married?

JOSEPH. Hush!

SCAL. Which is to be your husband?

JOSEPH. Be patient—the contract is not yet signed.

MARCH. (*at the table, near the NOTARY*) Your illustrious mother is acquainted with the particulars of the contract—the signatures are all that is required.



*The NOTARY hands a pen to the DUKE, who signs the contract.*

MARCH. Josephine, we wait for you. (JOSEPHINE remains close to SCALADE) Come, my child. (*goes to her, and takes her hand*)

JOSEPH. Guillot ! Where are you, Guillot ?

GUILLOT runs on c. from L., and comes down between the MARCHIONESS and JOSEPHINE.

GUIL. Here !

MARCH. And pray Sir, who may you be ?

GUIL. A Sub Lieutenant of the 21st, madame. Never mind how I became one—the father of Josephine was nothing more.

MARCH. Insolent interruption ! Quit the room, Sir !

GUIL. No, madame, not 'till I've said my say. My uncle—the Burgomaster of Laestrick, knows a secret concerning you, madame ; he made me promise, when he told it to me, never to divulge it. But in trying to marry Josephine against her inclinations, you force me to tell it, and out it shall come. Lieutenant Robert never married your sister.

DUKE. and DUCH. How !

JOSEPH. What do I hear ?

GUIL. He couldn't. I'll prove 'twas impossible ! for you never had a sister ; you know its true. Now, I'll make this agreement, give Josephine to me—I'll marry her, and say no more about it ; if you refuse, and break both our hearts, nothing shall prevent me telling all.

MARCH. (*falling in a chair*) Josephine, come hither, I have been kind to you ; I have treated you with affection—retire a moment to your own room ;—will you not grant me even this request ? I wish to be alone with your friend.

JOSEPH. Yes, madame, I'll go, but pray don't force me to marry ; I would rather remain as I am a thousand times. (GUILLOT approaches her—she speaks to him, aside) Guillot, don't leave the chateau without once more seeing me.

*Exit L. 1 E.*

GUIL. Stop, stop—I——

MARCH. (*to GUILLOT*) Where are you going ?

GUIL. I was going that way. (*pointing L.H.*)



MARCH. Pray oblige me by joining your comrades for a few moments. I would speak with the Sergeant alone. Madame, (*to the DUCHESS*) I am grieved at these continued interruptions, but when you know all, when you are fully acquainted with my embarrassing position, you will readily pardon me. May I beg of you once more to retire. Monsieur, (*to the NOTARY*) remain at hand, you will yet be wanted.

DUCH. (*taking the DUKE's arm*) What new mystery is to be revealed?

DUKE. Really one would think taking a wife was a matter of great consequence. However, as we want money so badly, trifles must not be regarded.

*DUKE and DUCHESS go off, c. and R., followed by the GUESTS—the NOTARY gathers up his papers, and retires, c. and L.*

SCAL. What has she got to say to me?

GUIL. I can guess—I——

MARCH. (*to GUILLOT*) Leave us together.

GUIL. Certainly, madam, as you request it. You shall see that I am a gentleman as well as an officer. Sergeant, attend to the lady's wishes, and when she has done with you come to me—d'ye hear?

SCAL. Yes, mon lieutenant!

*GUILLOT goes out at c. and L., with great dignity.*

MARCH. I believe you to be a good and honest man.

SCAL. I don't know that, madame, soldiers are queer fellows.

MARCH. I know that you possess great influence with Josephine.

SCAL. Yes, madame, I think there are but few of my orders she wouldn't obey.

MARCH. You heard it said, but now, that I never had a sister.

SCAL. Yes, madame.

MARCH. 'Tis truth; conflicting circumstances render it impossible that I can longer guard a secret which I now wish to reveal to you.

SCAL. Better not tell me, madame—secrets are very troublesome matters——

MARCH. Listen to me: during the French revolution, I was residing in Paris with my family, which has long been connected with some of the oldest of the French nobility; in the midst of the terrors of that time I was seized as an aristocrat, but by the assistance of a soldier, contrived to escape. For my protection, I became—I blush to own it—his wife!

SCAL. No occasion to blush, madame; you ought to be proud of the honour.

MARCH. His duty brought him to this country; at great risk he restored me to my friends, but knowing their pride, and dreading their resentment, I feared to tell them of my marriage.

SCAL. Pride's a bad commanding officer.

MARCH. My husband was promoted for good conduct, I found an opportunity to absent myself for a time from my family, my preserver was killed in a battle with the Austrians—the servant that fell in the confusion of that battle was mine, and the child he carried in his arms——

SCAL. Was Josephine—and you are——

MARCH. Her mother!

SCAL. I give you joy of your daughter, madame, and only wish I had been her father—her real father! Surely you are not still ashamed to own her!

MARCH. It must not be known; seek Josephine, tell her all that I have told you, and I will trust to her feelings—to her sense of duty—to obey me in this marriage.

SCAL. Better give her to the little lieutenant.

MARCH. It must not—it cannot be.

SCAL. Think of your child's happiness.

MARCH. It must be sacrificed to my family's honour.

SCAL. Think of the rank of *your* husband.

MARCH. This marriage will remove that stain.

SCAL. And think of the young fellow who was here just now, holding the same rank. Don't your heart soften at the likeness of the position? Come, come, be a good woman, and let Josephine's husband be like her mother's—a soldier.

MARCH. You refuse my request.

SCAL. I can't refuse a lady anything in reason, and I promise I'll do my best—though I think I shall find it a forlorn hope! Won't you yield, madame? You won't! (*aside*) Obstinate old woman! [*Exit* L. 1 E.]

*The DUCHESS appears from R.U.E.*

DUCH. Madame, are you now at liberty?

MARCH. Perfectly.

DUCH. Excuse this intrusion. I have consulted with his Grace, and as there appears to be a great mystery attached to your niece—something beyond the mere incidents of her early life, we have come to the conclusion of——

MARCH. Breaking off the match?

DUCH. No, believe me, of relying on your honour, with a resolution to be astonished at nothing, and instantly conclude the ceremony.

MARCH. Your Grace's indulgence shall not be abused.

*Enter the DUKE from R.U.E.*

DUCH. Monsieur, madame, eagerly embraces our generous proposal.

DUKE. Charmed to hear it! (*aside*) And very fortunate for the revenues of the house of Grandtête.

*Re-enter SCALADE, L. 1 E.*

SCAL. She's gone!—deserted! Fled, madame!

MARCH. Fled!

SCAL. I knocked at her door; it was locked—no answer. So I looked through the key-hole—all her fine clothes were scattered on the floor, and I was just in time to catch a glimpse of her leaping through the window.

DUKE and DUCH. Gone!

MARCH. Summon my servants.

*A Shout without—Enter PUMPERNIKEL, C. from L.*

PUMP. Oh, madame, I'm shocked—I'm horrified!—your niece, madame, is kissing all the soldiers! They are preparing to march, and she has vowed never again to leave them.

MARCH. Ungrateful!

*Enter GUILLOT, SOLDIERS, and JOSEPHINE in the dress of the first Act, c. from L.*

JOSEPH. No, madame, not ungrateful! I but escaped to ask my regiment if it would once more receive its child? It has done so with open arms! And I but come to thank you for all your kindness, but with a determination to return to the life where I was happy and useful.

MARCH. Josephine!

JOSEPH. My mind's made up—the first light-hearted moment I have known for many a day, was when I found myself once more in my old familiar jacket. So good bye, all, the French army will again be in the field, and where *that* is, I will be.

DUKE. The French army!

SCAL. Its chief will be in Paris in three days.

DUCH. Heavens!

DUKE. Then the house of Grandtête is again shut up.

*Drum heard without.*

SCAL. The signal for the march. Come, Josephine, if you follow us—(*aside to her*)—you take leave of your mother. Your father was the husband of the Marchioness.

JOSEPH. (*to the MARCHIONESS*) Does he tell me the truth? Are you——?

MARCH. Your nearest, dearest relative. Will you now obey me?

JOSEPH. Have you still the heart to command me? You are silent—then there is nothing left for me but to yield. Guillot, I can now guess all that you had to tell. Good bye! It's a hard word to say, but you *know*, you *see* how helpless I am. I shall soon die, that will be my comfort—don't cry, Guillot, remember your a soldier; I can't help a tear or two, because I'm a woman. It's all over now, my eyes are dry. Now, madame, do as you will with me, give me to——

MARCH. (*coming between JOSEPHINE and GUILLOT*) The husband of your choice!

DUKE and DUCH. How!

SOLDIERS. Huzza!

SCAL. Huzza! What, you surrender! Oh, you dear

old lady! I love you now to madness! (*goes to embrace her*)

GUIL. Halt, Sergeant! Stand at ease!

MARCH. The similitude of your position to my own—the sacrifice you would have made for me, and a hundred new feelings that now possess me, have overthrown the barriers of my pride. I will no longer oppose your wishes.

JOSEPH. Guillot! } (*they embrace*)

GUIL. Josephine! }

DUKE. Ma'amselle, is it possible that you reject the title of Madame la Duchesse de Grandtête.

JOSEPH. I would reject the highest title in the world to be only myself.

DUCH. I am disgusted, and so is the Duke.

DUKE. I am really.

GUIL. I never shall be a hero in battle again! It's all over with me as a soldier. I shall now want to live, to be a quiet and respectable husband.

JOSEPH. You shall be both—I will join you on your march, and see that you do your duty; permission I know will be given from head-quarters. (*looking at the MARCHIONESS*) And nothing now is wanting to complete the happiness of Josephine, but to find that the “Child of the Regiment” has been adopted by you!

CHORUS.—“*Rataplan!*”

Rub-a-dub—Dub-a-dub—Rub-a-dub!

*Drum rolls as the Curtain descends.*



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